Came I to take her from her kindreds Vault,
Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,
Till I conueniently could send to *Romeo*.
But when I came some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here vntimely lay,
The noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth
And beare this worke of heauen with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the Tombe,
And she too desperate would not goe with me:
But as it seemes, did violence on her selfe.
All this I know, and to the marriage her Nurse is priuie:
And if ought in this miscaried by my fault,
Let my old life be sacrific'd some houre before the time,
Vnto the rigour of seuerest law.

*Prin.* We still haue knowne thee for a holy man,
Where's *Romeos* man? what can he say to this?

*Balth.* I brought my Master newes of *Iuliets* death,
And then in post he came from *Mantua*,
To this same place. To this same monument
This letter he early bid me giue his Father,
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and leaft him there.

*Prin.* Giue me the Letter I will looke on it.
Where is the Counties Page that raisd the Watch?
Sirrah what made your master in this place?

*Boy.* He came with flowers to strew his Ladies graue,
And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did,
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my maister drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the watch.

*Prin* This Letter doth make good the friers words,
Their course of Loue the tidings of her death,
And here he writes that he did buy a poyson
Of a poore Pothecarie, and there withall,
Came to this Vault, to die and lye with *Iuliet*.
Where be these enemies? *Capulet*, *Mountague*?

See



See what a scourge is lai
That heauen finds mean
And I for winking at yo
Haue lost a brase of kins

*Cap.* O brother *Mon*
This is my daughters ioy
Can I demaund.

*Moun.* But I can giue
For I will raise her statue
That whiles *Verona* by
There shall no figure at
As that of true and faith

*Cap.* As rich shall *Ro*
Poore sacrifices of our e

*Prin.* A glooming pe
The Sun for sorrow wil
Go hence to haue more
Some shall be pardoned
For neuer was a storie o
Then this of *Iuliet* and

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22324) LONDON, 1609 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.